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The Boy and his Angel.
Oh, mother! I've been with an angel to-day,
I was out all alone in the forest to play,
Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played and I played till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly, high up in the
top.

I had my breath, mother, for fear they would
stop.
Thus long while I sat looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying
by,
When I heard a voice calling, just over my
head,
"That's the angel that's come, Oh brother!" it said;
And there right up over the top of the tree,
Oh mother an angel was beckoning to me.
And, "brother, once more come, Oh brother,"
he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my
side!

At last, Oh, never was being so light,
As the one which then beamed on my wonder-
ing sight.
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me so melting with
love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove;
And when he passed from me I felt no fear,
As his hand on my own he caressingly laid,
And whispering so softly and so gently to me,
"Come brother, the angels are waiting for
thee!"

And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Sweet kisses, Oh mother, they thrilled through
my breast.
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high
When the chariot of God rolls along the black
sky;
While his breath floating round me was soft as
the breeze
That played in my tresses and rustled the trees.
At last on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Sweet kisses, Oh mother, they thrilled through
my breast.
Then plumed his bright pinions, upwards he
soared;
And up, up he went through the blue sky so
far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till Oh how I feared as I caught the gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!

When soft voices whispered once more from
the trees,
"Come brother the angels are waiting for
thee!"
Oh pale grew the mother and heavy her heart,
Till she knew her fair boy from this world must
depart.
That his bright locks must fade in the dust
of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's
rich bloom.
Oh, how his young footsteps she watch'd day
by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of Heaven seemed shed 'er
his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.
"Oh, sleep me dear mother, close, close to
me,
That gentle pillow again let me rest,
Let me gaze up once more to that dear loving
eye,
And then Oh, mother I can willingly die,
Now kiss me dear mother! Oh quickly, for
see—"

The bright blessed angels are waiting for me!
Oh will was the anguish that swept through
her breast.
As the long frantic kiss on his pale lips she
pressed,
And felt the vain search of his soft pleading
eye,
As it strove to meet her's ere the fair boy should
die,
"I see you not dear mother, for darkness and
night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight,
But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother
good bye,
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there,—but Oh, hurray no
less,
Lost grief at your absence should add no
song."

He ceased, with his hands meekly clasped on
his breast
And his sweet face sank down on its pillow of
rest;
Then closed his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.
How it did rain that November night!
None of your undecided showers, with
hesitating intervals, as it were between;
none of your mild persistent patterings on
the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild de-
luge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder
of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle
against the eaves, and drew his snug fire-
easy chair a little closer to the fire—a
great open mass of glimmering anthracite
—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective
satisfaction at the crimson morn-
ing curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep
on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into
a drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.
"This is snug," quoth the Squire. "I'm
glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof
fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy
night once in a while when a fellow's under
cover, and there's nothing particular to be
done, Mary!"

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was
flitting about, between kitchen and sitting
room, with a great blue checked apron tied
round her waist. "I'm nearly ready to
come in now, Josiah. Now, I wonder,
sotto voce, "if that was really a knock at
the door, or just a little extra rush of the
wind and rain."
She went to the door, nevertheless, and
a minute or two afterwards she went to her
husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddlelove," she
said, half apprehensively. The Squire
never looked up from his paper.
"Tell him he's made a mistake. The
tavern is on the second corner beyond."
"But he wants to know if you will lend
him a dollar!" said Mrs. Partlet.
"And couldn't you have told him, No,
without the preliminary ceremony of com-
ing in here to ask me? It is likely that I
shall lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke
Ruddlelove? Why, I had a great deal
better throw it among yonder red coals!
No—of course, No?"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.
"He looks so pinched and cold and
wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody
in the world to lend him a cent."
"All the better for him, if he did but
know it," sharply enunciated the Squire.
"If he had come to just that patch half
dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have
been the miserable raggabond he is now."
"We used to go to school together,"

said Mrs. Partlet, gently. "He was the
smartest boy in the class." "That's prob-
able enough," said the Squire. "But it
don't alter the fact that he's a poor, drunk
wretch now. Send him about his business,
Mary; and if his time is of any consequence,
just let him know that he had better not
waste it coming here after dollars."
And the Squire leaned back in his chair
after a positive fashion, as if the whole
matter was definitely settled.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen,
where Luke Ruddlelove was spreading his
poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his
tattered garments steaming as if he was a
pillar of vapor.
"He won't let you have it, Luke," said
she. "I thought he wouldn't."
"Then I've got to starve, like any other
dog!" said Luke Ruddlelove, turning moodi-
ly away.
"And, after all, I don't suppose it
makes much difference whether he refuse
of the world to-day or to-morrow!"
"Oh, Luke—not to your wife?"
"She'd be better off without me," said
Luke, down-heartedly.
"But she ought not to be."
"Ought and is are two different things,
Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I ain't going
to the tavern, though I'll wager something
the Squire thought I was."
"And isn't it natural enough he should
think so, Luke?"
"Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but what
it is," murmured Luke Ruddlelove, in the
same dejected tone he had used through-
out the interview.

"Stop!" Mrs. Partlet called to him, as
his hand lay on the door latch in a low
voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet
gave it to me for a new piece of oilcloth in
front of the dining room stove, but I'll
try and make the old one do a little while
longer. And Luke, for the sake of old
times—for the sake of your poor wife and
the little ones at home—do, do try to do
better."

Luke Ruddlelove looked vacantly first at
the fresh, new bank bill in his hand, and
then at the blooming young matron who had
placed it there.
"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept
out of the warm, bright kitchen into the
storm and darkness that reigned without.
Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen
fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish
thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could
not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at
the public house, and I shall do without
my new oilcloth; that will be the end of
it all.
And there was a conscious flush on her
check, as if she had done some wrong,
when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting
room.
"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that
new oilcloth gone at last?"
"Yes."
"To Stokes' tavern, I suppose?"
"I hope not, Josiah."
"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the
Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And
now for a pleasant evening. How 't does
you mean to be sure?"
And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the
dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the
Squire came into the room where his wife
was preserving great red apples into jelly.
"Well, well, quoth he, "wonders never
will cease. The Ruddleloves have gone
away."
"Where?"
"I don't know—out West somewhere,
with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't
touched a drop in six months."
"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet.
"It won't last long," said the Squire,
despairingly.
"Why not?"
"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith
in these sudden reforms."
Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought
thankfully that, after all, Luke had not
spent the dollar in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped
along, in days and weeks, almost before
busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was
gone. The Ruddleloves had come back to
Sequester. Luke had made his fortune, as
the story went in the far away El Dorado,
vaguely phrased "out West" by the sim-
ple Sequesters.
"They say," said Mrs. Buckingham,
"that he's bought that ere lot down on
the Court House, and he's going to
build such a house as never was."
"He must have prospered greatly," said
gentle Mrs. Partlet.
"And his wife, she wears a silk gown
that will do with it's best body else-
ness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can re-
member when Luke Ruddlelove was noth-
ing but a poor drunken creature."
"All the more credit to him now," said
Mrs. Partlet emphatically.

"It's to be sure," said Mrs. Bucking-
ham, "with marble mantles and inlaid
floors. And he's put a lot of papers
and things under the corner one."
"The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet,
laughing.
"Floor or mantle?"
"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Bucking-
ham. "Like they do in public buildings,
you know."
"That is natural enough."
"Well, it's kind of queer, but Luke
Ruddlelove never does any thing else-
ness. Folks think it's dreadful strange he should
put a one dollar bill in with other things."
Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek flush scarlet;
involuntarily she glanced up to where the
Squire was serenely checking off a list of
legal items in the bill he was making out
against some client, and the Squire never
looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham never
on with her never-ceasing flow of chat,
and so the hot died away in her cheek.
After all, the money had been her own to
give, and the old oilcloth in front of the
dining room stove had answered very well
for a long time.

She met Luke Ruddlelove that afternoon
for the first time since his return from Se-
quester—Luke himself, yet not him-
self—the demon of intemperance crushed out
of his nature, and it's better, nobler elements
triumphing at last. He looked her brightly
in the face, and he held out his hand.
"Mary?"
"I'm glad to see you back here again,
Luke," she said, tremulously.
"And well you may be," he rejoined.
"Do you remember that stormy night
Mary, when you gave me that dollar bill,
and begged me not to go to the tavern?"
"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my
whole destiny turned. You were kind to
me when every one spoke coldly; you
trusted in me when all other faces were
averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove
worthy of your confidence and I kept it.
I did not spend the money—I treasured it
up—and Heaven has added mightily to my
little store. I put the dollar bill under the
corner stone of my new house, for the

house has risen from it and it alone. I
won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid,
I added, smilingly, "the luck would call
go from me with it; but I'll tell you what
I will do, Mary. I will give money and
words of trust and encouragement to some
other poor wretch, as you gave to me."
And Squire Partlet never knew what his
wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to
buy a new piece of oilcloth.

THE LOTTERY BUSINESS.—It is esti-
mated by a person fully conversant with
its details, that there are in New York
city between five hundred and fifty and
six hundred places where lottery num-
bers are sold. The amount of money
daily received at these places averages
\$20,000 per day, or \$200,000 per week,
and for the year \$10,000,000. The pro-
fit of the business, if legitimately con-
ducted, would be great; as it is, they
are claimed to be, it is, they are al-
leged that the business is now simply
fraudulent. The numbers given out to
the various policy shops, and again
those who invest their money
play or bet, are supposed to be those
first drawn in the lotteries sanctioned
by the States of Louisiana and Missouri,
the results of such drawings being tele-
graphed and published in the papers.
The drawings are held to the principals
of the lottery business in this city. It
is alleged that in many instances these
numbers have been falsified in order to
cheat those who have wagered on the
result, and in various other ways have
the credulous gamblers been duped.

THE WOMEN OF UTAH.—The petition
against polygamy, signed by women of
Utah, has created a great sensation there,
and the papers are full of it. The ladies
who drew up and forwarded the petition
in a card they have published. Think
what regard for womanly purity and
delicacy must prevail in a family
where a mother and all her daughters
hold the relation of wives to the same
man! Others are rejoicing in it, and
say it will elevate womanhood, when
it has sanctioned the marriage of men
to their own pieces and even their own
half-sisters. Think how womanly deli-
cacy is fostered in households, (and there
are many such in Utah,) where the
home consists of a cabin with but a
single room which is occupied by a man
and his three or four wives with their
grown daughters. Is it any wonder that
true woman everywhere, virtuous mat-
rons and pure-minded girls, should be
glad to see the petition signed by a
system which has produced such results?

A NEW CURE FOR BEGGING.—One of
the petty kings in India has proved him-
self to be a shrewd statesman. He has
been troubled by a swarm of beggars in
his kingdom, and idleness was rapidly
increasing. The evil was so alarming
that he resorted to strong measures to
cure it. He ordered that all paupers
found begging should be sent to the
workhouse to read and write. The law
operates well in two ways. Some of
the most worthless idlers prefer a little
easy work to study, and they take to
some kind of labor to escape beggary.
Others are glad to get an education, and
they make intelligent and skillful laborers.
The King, in his anxiety to promote
education, has also ordered that the
families who cannot well spare their
children to beg, should be allowed a por-
tion of the State funds, and that every
child shall receive a certain allowance
from the State. Light is evidently
spreading in India.

A SMART BOY.—The Detroit Free Press
has the story of a smart boy in this
manner: The public will regret to learn
that the family of James Otis, Porter
street, is to remove to Saginaw, taking
young Johnny along. The boy started
out two years ago by shodding himself.
He made a few dollars, and then he
went to a fish-bone, a few days after he
built a fire in the barn and called out the
steamers. He then swallowed a top, got
run over by an ice wagon, fell into the
river, was lost for three days, and first
appeared in the form of a public house
news, whose value can not be estimated
on a slate four feet square. If the Saginaw
reporters only commence on him
right he will "pan out" at least three
times per week. He should be furnished
with a box of matches, a horse pistol, and
plenty of gunpowder, and if he has any
arm to put him on the back occasion-
ally and tell him that his efforts are
appreciated.

Bennett and Webb.
The late Mr. Bennett twice suffered
street-attacks from Mr. James Watson
Webb. The first attack was made on
Wall street in the month of January,
1836. On this occasion Mr. Bennett was
knocked down and struck with a stick.
He told the story in the Herald, saying:
"General Webb, by going up behind
me, cut a slash in my head, about one
and a half inches in length, and through
the integuments of the skull. The
fellow, no doubt, wanted to let out the
never-failing supply of good humor and
wit, which has created such a reputation
for the Herald, and appropriate the con-
tents to supply the emptiness of his own
thick skull. He has not injured the
brain, and in a few days will flow
as freshly as ever, and he will find it so
to his cost." The result of this report
was that the Herald containing the ac-
count of the fracas sold 9,000 copies.
On the 9th of May, 1836, Mr. Bennett
was again attacked by General Webb in
Wall street, very near the scene of the
former attack. As was the case with the
first assault a newspaper controversy led
to this second exhibition of anger on the
part of General Webb. The particulars
of this affair were also given in the
Herald by Mr. Bennett. In his autobio-
graphical account of it, after describing
the mode of General Webb's attack he
said: "My damages is a scratch, about
three quarters of an inch in length, on
the third finger of the left hand, which
I received from the iron railing I was
forced against, and three buttons torn
from my vest, which any tailor will re-
stimate for a sixpence. My loss is a rent
from top to bottom of a very beautiful
black coat, which cost me the sum of \$24
and a blow in the face, which may have
knocked down his throat some of his bal-
ance in my favor, \$93.94." Thus was it
that even out of his misfortune did Mr.
Bennett extract nourishment for his
struggling paper. It was by such direct
gossip with the public, upon all imagin-
able subjects, light sketches of city life,
and half earnest and half cynical refer-
ences to events which he himself
figured, that in the earlier years of the
Herald was laid the foundation of its
ultimate success as a newspaper.

In a Cranberry Patch.
Some years ago Mr. Sackett was a
successful merchant in Chicago and being
known as a man of generous and specu-
lative turn of mind he was requested by
two friends of his to invest with them an
equal share in the purchase of western
land with a view to its rapid increase in
price. More as an accommodation to them
than regard for the profit, he consented,
and in fact they went West to make
the purchase, while he remained
at his business in Chicago. Now these
enterprising friends of his found that
they could buy up a large tract of land
near Berlin, Wis., very low by including
in it a portion of worthless swamp. They
closed the trade and in making the divi-
sion among themselves they took each a
third of the fine land and left the mud
and water to Mr. Sackett, who had never
seen the land and accepted the division
on faith in his friends and for some time
he continued to pay the taxes until he
failed in business and thinking to real-
ize on the sale of it, he went West for
that purpose, and when he discovered, to
his chagrin, that he had been deceived,
he could not even give it away. Sighing
just a little at the duplicity of his friends,
who had so divided the valuable and left
him the worthless, he wandered over the
swamp, he almost disdained to call his
eyes and splashed through his mud and
water in desperate hopelessness. Poverty
and want stared him in the face, when
lo, something else stared him in the face
too; he found something upon his land.
What was it? It was a fine lot of
newly discovered diamonds, neither was
it oil, iron or coal. It was wild Cran-
berries. "Presto change!" Now mark
the result; that land is worth \$800 per
acre, and he is worth half a million dol-
lars. He was a shrewd man, with an eye
to business and he saw at once a fortune
in these Cranberries and went to work to
realize it by cultivation and systematic
brigade of children and hands to pick
and prepare the Cranberries for market,
which he realizes as high as \$24 per
barrel, while the men who intended to
play a joke on him now mourn over their
own unlooked upon and sigh for the for-
tune their joking lost them.

This is true, and it is not as romantic
as fiction, it has a better moral.

A WORD TO LANDLORDS.—The New
York Standard in referring to the summer
flight of so many Americans to Europe,
takes the occasion to say a few words to
the landlords, who, he declares, are actu-
ally driving away remunerative customers
by their greed. While there are places,
within two or three hundred miles of our
large cities, possessing abundant attrac-
tions, thousands go abroad as a matter of
economy. They assert that so high are
the wages charged at our own watering
places and mountain resorts that they can-
not afford to seek health and a summer's
pleasure at home. It is cheaper to pay for
a week or ten days on the ocean and pass
two or three months in England, France,
Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, than
to climb the White Mountains, sketch
the lunar bow at Niagara or taste the sur-
at Long Branch or Newport. Europe offers
more for the money, so thither our citi-
zens go, taking very considerable amounts
of currency which they would much
rather spend at home, provided it could
be made to go as far.

THE FARMER.—According to the re-
port of the Massachusetts Bureau of
statistics, very few farmers in Massachu-
setts are making more than a living out
of their farms. The average wages of
agricultural laborers per month, with
board, is \$27.52—without board, \$44.82;
with board, \$17—without board, \$26.39.
These women usually do
household and dairy work, though in
some localities women are employed in
the season work ten hours from April
to November, and eight the rest of the
year, besides doing the chores at the
barn. Very few native Americans are
now hired as farm laborers; there are
fifty per cent of Irish, fifteen of French
Canadians, ten Nova Scotians, five of
Germans, and twenty of natives.

A Terre Haute, Ind., professional
sleep-chamber says that he has not seen
such fine fleeces in the last fifteen years
as this year's clip shows.

The Anti-Jewish Riot.
A correspondent of the Levant Herald
writing from Smyrna, says: "We have
passed through a week of great excite-
ment and anxiety at Smyrna. A few
days ago the report flew around the town
that the body of a poor Christian child
of four years of age was lying exposed
at the Greek hospital, who had been tor-
tured and murdered by a band of ferocious
cannibal Jews, who, it was declared, re-
quired the blood of a Christian child as a sacri-
fice every year at their Passover. I at
once proceeded to the Greek hospital, as
upward of 10,000 people had done before
me, and on inquiry of the surgeon found
that the death of the child had been one
of accidental drowning.
On expressing my surprise that such a
melodramatic sort of exhibition should
be made over the body, the crowd being
admitted in immense numbers to inspect
and overhaul the remains, I was assured
that there was no other way of counteract-
ing the effect of the fable in circulation,
and persuading the excited populace that
the child had been simply drowned and
not put to death by torture. Even as it
was, the worthy surgeon expressed his
fear that the fanaticism of the mob would
lead to serious results, and his apprehen-
sion, unfortunately, was too speedily and
sadly realized. A fearful number was made
upon the Jews that very day. In vain
did the priests from the church pulpits
and elsewhere proclaim the truth, and as-
sure the people that the child had simply
died by drowning. Every Jew met with
was horribly maltreated, and after some
hours of indignation, in which it was
vainly hoped that sober sense might
prevail, the excited Greek mob, with all
the rascality of the town in its train, made
for the Jewish quarter, sacked the houses,
ordered the inmates to be driven out, and
other acts of brutal atrocity. Many Jews
at length turned upon their assailants, and
from attacked, in self defence became at-
tackers. Then the fury of the Greek rab-
ble knew no bounds; men were fiendishly
beaten, women were violated, children
even were not spared, and day after day
until Wednesday was the Jewish quar-
ter converted into a pandemonium of pil-
lage, rape and murder. Not until then
did Hamdi Pasha, Governor of Smyrna,
and responsible for the lives and property
of the Jews within its walls; not until then
did he advance the troops upon the scene
and quell the mob effectually. The ap-
parent inaction of Hamdi Pasha may be
explained by the fact that on Saturday he
had only 150 soldiers on duty, and he
had to contend against a mob of 10,000 of a
fanatical and unscrupulous Greek popu-
lace, whereas he had at his disposal, he
brought in hurriedly from all quarters, we
have now eight full battalions of troops.
The result is that the rioters have held
their hands; the mob is kept thoroughly
in check; and lamentable as what in-
curred, you need have no fear of its re-
newal.

The Birds in Winter.
What do the birds do in winter? Many
you know go South. As a general thing,
winter's cold does not seem to affect those
that stay with us. The truth is, birds are
remarkably well guarded against cold by
their thick covering of down and feathers,
and the quick circulation of their blood.
The chickadee is never so lively as in the
cold weather. When the thermometer is
three or four degrees below zero, it shows
by its behavior that it is pretty cold. On
found that star from being able to fly,
they are very busy in the winter. They
do not leave the earth bare. There is food
enough and to spare. The seeds of the
grasses and taller summer flowers, and the
olders, birches and maples furnish sup-
plies that the cold and snow does not de-
stroy; also the buds of various trees and
shrubs, for the buds do not first come in
the spring, as some people think; there are
buds all winter; there are insects, too.
A sunny nook any time during the winter
will show you a variety of two-winged
flies, and several kinds of spiders, often in
numbers, and as brisk as ever. Then in the
crevices of the tree bark and dead wood
there must be something nice to be had,
judging from the activity of the chickadees,
gold-crests, and their associates in the
winter no mischief can be done; there is
no fruit to steal. Nothing can be destroyed
now except the farmers' enemies; yet the
birds keep at work all the time. Winter,
too, is favorable to sociability among birds
as among people. The chickadee, the
gold-crested wren, the white-breasted nuthatch,
and the downy wood-pecker form a
little winter clique. You do not often
see one of the members without one or
more of the others. No sound in nature
is more cheery than the calls of a little
troop of this kind, echoing through the
woods on a still, sunny day in winter—
the lively chatter of the chickadee, the
slender contented pipe of the golden crests,
and the emphatic, business-like hank of
the nut hank, as they drift leisurely along
from tree to tree.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, oh
excellent wife, number not yourself and
me to get a curiously rich dinner for this
man and woman that have alighted at
our gate; or bed-chamber made ready
at too great a cost; these things, if they
are curious in them, they can get for
a few shillings in any village; but
rather let this stranger see, if he will,
in your looks, accents, and behavior
your heart and earnestness, your thought
and will, what he cannot buy at any
price in the city, what he may well travel
twenty miles, and dine sparingly, and
sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the
emphasis of hospitality, be in the
board; but truth, and love, and honor,
and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—
Emerson.

SWINE.—No pig can grow rapidly on
poor food. A well-bred pig will grow
rapidly on good food—a poor-bred pig
will not; and this is the real essential
difference between them. If you starve
both, the well-bred pig is no better than
the other. Let young pigs have all they
will eat and digest. See that they have
access to fresh water. They may not
drink much, but it should always be pro-
vided for them, no matter how sloppy
their food may be. Provide ashes, salt,
sulphur and charcoal. See that the pens
and troughs are kept clean.

An Illinois town has two doctors who
are young women. A great many other
towns have that many doctors who are
old women.

FATALITY.—In Chicago, on Saturday,
at an early hour, the body of a man was
seen hanging from a small window of a
bar in the rear of a residence. Upon
examination it was found that the de-
ceased was Frank Barber, brother of the
owner of the place, with whom he resided.
He had attempted to get into the bar
through the window, and got fastened in
so that he was unable to extricate him-
self, and was literally bitten to death by
a horse that stood in the rear of him.

World love in the Indian language
is "schelenudunortchwegarot."
Minnesota whisky sellers have been
fined \$50 for selling liquor to habitual
drunkards.
A new bug has arrived in the Western
States. He bores into grape vines and
kills them.
An Indiana patriarch has lived to form
the acquaintance of his great-great-grand-
child.
The British iron product is about
5,500,000 tons a year, and the American
about 2,000,000 tons.
England, last year, bought \$184,000,
000 of cotton from the United States,
and made it up into \$372,000,000 worth
of goods.
Texas papers report that ten Indians,
who recently raided into Wise county,
were all killed by the sheriff and his
assistants.
Some jocos fellows in Newbern, Ind.,
robbed a friend in the night for a joke,
and paid a heavy fine the next day in
earnest. The friend had no sense of
humor.
Judge Hoar once said of a lawyer:
"He has reached the superlative life; at
first he sought to get on, and then he
sought to get honor, and now he is try-
ing to get honest."

Startling developments have come to
light in St. Paul, Minn., exposing an at-
tempt by a Mr. Robinson to bribe
members of the grand jury not to bring
in any indictment against her.
An attorney in that delightful coun-
try, New Mexico, gave weight to his ar-
gument before a jury by threatening to
put a bullet into the brain of any man
who should dare to intimate that his
client was guilty.
The figures in the absolutely latest
style of Dolly Varden are so delightfully
large that it takes two young ladies to
show one of them properly. They have
to go arm in arm and keep step or else
the effect is spoiled.
The first Jewish ceremony ever wit-
nessed in Philadelphia was performed lately.
A priest of the faith came on from New
York, and went to the slaughter house,
attired in his official robes, to kill an ox,
for the food of the faithful.
Walter, a five-year old, was surprised
at breakfast by the presence